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A D D R E S S

AT

A MEETING OF THE DESCENDANTS

OF

R I C H A R D H A V E N ,

OF LYNN,

AT FRAMINGHAM, MASS.,

AUGUST 29, 1844.

BEING THE

SECOND CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF HIS LANDING IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN C. PARK,

OF BOSTON.

ALSO,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AND EVENTS OF THE DAY,

BY THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE OCCASION.

PRINTED BY DIRECTION OF THE MEETING, FOR THE USE OF THE FAMILY.

B O S T O N :

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A D D R E S S .

COUSINS : — The spectacle presented in this place, to-day, is one never before seen, in any land or any age.

I look around me, and behold families of various names, coming from distant homes, — men of all occupations and callings, — of all grades of wealth, and of infinitely varied abilities to gain wealth and reputation, — persons of all ages, from the lisping child to the tottering veteran, — and all these sprung from a common stock. All these I can call by the common name of “Cousins.”

I am wrong, perhaps, in saying that there never was a similar assemblage, though right in saying that there never was one for a similar cause. Among the ancient Jews we read more than once that the people assembled to be numbered, and that on those occasions the several tribes of Israel, each springing from a common ancestor, assembled by thousands. But the object was simply to make a census of their numerical and available warlike strength. Among the Scottish hills, and on the desert plains of Arabia, often and again has the summons of the chieftain brought the scattered members of the clan or tribe together; — but here, too, it has been either for purposes of warfare and aggression, or to swear fealty to a new prince, and allegiance to some new sovereign.

Not so with us. No warlike summons has brought us together. We come not to dig up the hatchet, or whet the tomahawk, like Indian tribes, or to light the beacon-fires of a Scottish foray; — but in the peaceful garb of citizens, with our wives and our little ones, have we come into God’s sacred temple, on an errand of peace and love, an errand fit to be consecrated in such a place.

Neither have we come to swear allegiance to any prince or government. We ourselves, we, — each and all of us, are the government, and owe allegiance to no man. We are all princes in our own land, for we each have a right to say who shall govern, and how he shall govern.

The attraction that brings us together is the common bond of a common ancestry. "Ah!" cries the spectator, who has just set his foot on our shores from the land of some foreign monarchy, filled with crude notions of American liberty,—"is it family pride, then?"—and he forthwith writes a chapter on American aristocracy and pride;—declares that even in republican New England, with all their affected republican simplicity, the people are willing to trace their origin to some titled lord, or perhaps to some distant branch of crowned sovereignty.

A sad mistake! American Aristocracy! What an incongruity of ideas does the phrase present. The late President Kirkland of Harvard University, whose sayings, with the quaintness of the Book of Proverbs, often had their force and point—used to exclaim, "American Aristocracy! Who among us can go back two generations without running his head against a ploughshare or an anvil? and he is somewhat lucky, if he can hit any thing as genteel as these."

We, my friends, have come to a similar result; and if the world, who have seen our advertisements, have wondered at our collection, and have attributed our feelings to any thing like family pride, let me inform them that we are perfectly content that we have traced back our lineage for two hundred years, and run our heads against nothing worse than a foreplane and a chisel. Our ancestor was a house-carpenter. It will be no degradation to be termed the son of a carpenter. A greater than you or I has borne that appellation.

I propose, therefore, to occupy a few moments of our time, on this day, dedicated to reminiscences of the past, to the joys and friendships of the present, and to the hopes and anticipations of the future, by considering, *first*, who and what was our common ancestor; *secondly*, the object of this assembling together; and *thirdly*, what advantages may be gained to us, from the reflections of this hour, either as citizens, Christians, or individuals.

Of course, but little can be known of the private life or history of one of the early settlers of New England, scarcely even of that distinguished band, known as the Pilgrim fathers.

What little we do know, however, is matter of formal record, and is, for our purpose, sufficient. I seek to know no more of Richard Haven, than I gather from these Records; and it really seems as if this assembling of his descendants, and this inquiry into his life and character, had been foreseen and provided for.

It has often been remarked in reading history, and narratives of by-gone days, that some little incident, some word, some expression, is handed down to posterity, and, (simple and brief as it may be) gives a vivid impression of the whole

life and character of some individual. When the time shall come, for instance, that the events of our Revolution shall have become an old story and a forgotten interest, and the descendants of Stark, our distinguished chieftain of those days, shall inquire into the character of that man, what a full and vivid picture of the devoted and kind husband, the firm patriot, the courageous soldier, the determined leader, is to be gathered from that one exclamation which is enrolled upon the imperishable tables of American history, "I sleep in that fort to-night, or Molly Stark is a widow."

Or look, if you please, at sacred writ, — passages in which every line portrays a character. How often, from a few words, you seem to see the individual rise up bodily before you. Mary and Martha are mentioned but twice, and each time but incidentally; and yet who can read those incidents, and not picture to himself Mary, the meek, pious, soul-devoted, self-abandoned Christian, seated at our Saviour's feet, to listen to instruction; and, on the other hand, Martha, the bustling, good-hearted, well-meaning housewife, anxious about many things, and tempering even her goodness with a little pride in her domestic skill and excellence.

Richard Haven was one of the early emigrants. Twenty-four years after the intrepid little band of Puritans had disembarked on Plymouth Rock, we find him landing on these shores.

The little colony had not, during these twenty-four years, increased to such an extent, that it was a matter of ease and comfort to be an emigrant. The same noble principles, which actuated Carver, Bradford, and Brewster, perhaps in some degree actuated him; and those principles they themselves gave to the world in the simple and beautiful compact, drawn up by them, when off the shores of Cape Cod, and before their landing.

In it they declare that they had taken this bold and daring step, had braved a winter's fury of the stormy Atlantic, and crossed the mighty deep, for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith. Truly has one of the sweetest and noblest of poets described their feelings:

" Not as the conqueror comes
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

" Not as the flying come,
 In silence, and in fear ;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

“ There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood’s land ?

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ? —
 They sought a faith’s pure shrine.”

Such a one was Richard Haven. He sought neither the wealth of the Incas, nor did he hope to find mines of gold ; nor did he pant for the conquest of a new world ; but, as an humble artisan, a carpenter by trade, he hoped to find here an opportunity to pursue his calling, in the freedom of a sincere Christian heart.

In the records of the town of Lynn, we find one little sentence invaluable in my estimation, as a certificate of the character of our ancestor.

“ Voted, that Sargeant Haven,” and seven others named, “ shall sit in the pulpit.”

In these days, when the drum and the fife is but the idle attraction of an idle crowd — when danger is afar off, and the stillness of the Sabbath is never disturbed by warlike preparation — still less in danger of being broken by the warwhoop of the savage — it is, perhaps, difficult to realize how much is contained in the word “ Sargeant.” But if we can carry back our minds to those days, when judgment, coolness, self-possession, courage as well as personal strength, and military skill were the constant requirements of a militia-man — when the husbandman labored in the field with his good sword on his thigh, and the very church of God had its arms stacked on the green, and its sentinel pacing at the door — look at these times, and we can read something of the character of Sergeant Haven. And now, thought his fellow-citizens, for his services, his honor, and his worth, what shall be done for him ? No elevated offices were then in the gift of the people, used at the present day as the rewards both of patriotism and corruption. Silver pitchers and public presentations were not then in fashion, and if we have formed a correct estimate of the character of Richard Haven, would not have been the most acceptable offering ; but they voted him the highest place in the synagogue. And I can well imagine that a President, on his inauguration-day — a Lafayette, carried triumphantly through our streets, surrounded by shouting thousands, never felt more pride of conscious desert, or was looked upon as being in a more elevated position, than was Richard Haven when, in his old age, he marched through the congregated assemblage at Lynn on a Sabbath morn, and took his place in the pulpit.

What more, then, do you wish to know of our ancestor?

Enterprising—for he came among the early pilgrims to this shore. Industrious—for, as a hardy mechanic, he labored in the work of his trade. Courageous—as he served and held office in the protective force of the settlement. Pious and devout—for the best reward, that his fellow-citizens could give him, was an elevated seat in the house of his God, near to that sacred teaching which he loved.

Do you ask more? The records show that Richard and Susanna lived to a good old age, and were the parents of twelve little crowning blessings of an emigrant's fireside—several of whom they were called to follow to an early grave—that others, whom it pleased God to spare them, were raised up and educated to be useful leaders in church and state; and it is fair to presume that all were successfully taught the prevailing habits and principles of industry and frugality, morality and religion. In such a scene of domestic quiet, who asks for a more glorious termination of the life of his early ancestor?—better than the battle-field—better than the death-bed of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. The humble sod which covers his dust, we his descendants, would wet with our tears—tears of affection and reverence for one of God's noblest works—an honest man.

Knowing thus much of the man, his character, his family, his situation, his feelings, is it to be wondered that, as I have dwelt upon the subject, my imagination has filled up the picture. Let me sketch it to you.

The Carpenter of Lynn is seated at the door of his humble dwelling, at the close of a summer's Sabbath evening. The children with whom God has blessed him, are gathered around him, listening to those words of holy instruction, which, in those patriarchal days of our country's brief existence, always closed the sacred day consecrated to God. They have retired to their humble rest, and the parents sit musing as evening steals on, listening to the distant and constant roar of the ocean, as it breaks upon the long beaches of Nahant, Chelsea, and Lynn. Is it not most probable that in their grateful hearts, grateful for past prosperity, some hopes of the future spring up? Can it be that no vision of the future fate of their dear children breaks in upon their trains of thought?

I have often regretted—which of us has not—as I have stood amidst the wonderful changes and gigantic improvements in the world, which are daily in operation around us—I have regretted that it would not be in my power to witness their results some two or three hundred years hence; or that I could not, like old Rip Van Winkle, wake up after a deep sleep of some century or

so, and find cities where there are now villages, and millions where there are now deserts.

In scriptural times, revelations of future glory and grandeur were suffered to burst upon the vision of the patriarchs and prophets of those days, and the land of promise was permitted thus to display itself before the longing gaze of those who were never to set foot therein. Could it have been possible thus to have revealed, to the wishful eyes of Richard Haven, some of the scenes in which his far distant posterity were destined to figure, what would they have been?

May I present some of them.

We would open to him the scenes of 1774. He would find the scattered handful, which he had left strung along the coast of this vast continent, like a fringe upon a garment, grown into three millions of freemen panting for liberty, and already inhaling its blessed influences. He would find that government to which he had looked, as a loyal subject should look for protection and support, changed into a tyrannical oppressor; and he would find a people of stern and indomitable spirit, fit successors of the Pilgrim fathers, resolved never to submit to these aggressions. We would place him in the provincial congress, which in that year met at Salem, and which, when it found remonstrance and argument ineffectual, collected its stores of war and nourished the energies of the country for the coming conflict. And, among that band of sturdy patriots, he would have met his grandson, Joseph Haven, in the character of representative from Framingham. Or perhaps we could have opened upon his vision a different scene, one perhaps more congenial to the spirit of the devout Christian whom we this day commemorate. And we would lead him to those humble but sacred edifices, in which his descendants, ordained ministers of the gospel, guided their flocks to the true fountains of peace and joy. Would not the old man bless God, that the sacred purpose of his mission to these shores had been fully answered, and that from his loins had sprung the devout spirits, which had breathed in the bosoms and inspired the lips of a Samuel Haven, a Moses Hemenway, a Jason Haven, or a Moses Adams?

But O, my friends, imagine the old patriarch restored to us, at this moment, as poor Rip Van Winkle was to the bosom of his descendants,—imagine him clad in the Sergeant's bandoleers and breastplate, with his musketoon in hand, in all the pomp of Sergeant Haven, and stalking amongst us with the solemn gait of one entitled to sit in the pulpit,—imagine him thus brought into this assembly,—with what a shout would we rise to meet him,—how the aged would cluster around him with

reverence, and the little tots cry to him, "You're my great-great-great-great-grand-dad!"

But suffice it for the present. I am content with my progenitor, as which of us is not. He was a prince, in one sense, for he was the father of a whole line of freemen;—but he was far better: he was an enterprising, industrious, courageous, and devout man. I envy not the man who could wish a nobler lineage.

What useful lessons are to be gathered from this meeting?

What if we look upon it as a mere day of enjoyment!—Is it a senseless pleasure? God forbid. If love to God is our highest pleasure and duty, surely love to man is our next. If, then, we have left our toil and struggling,—if the lawyer has quit his wrangling courts; if the merchant has closed, for a day, his well filled account-books; if the mechanic has dropped his trowel and brush; and the farmer has given his sturdy oxen a holyday,—shall we be poorer in heart? poorer in the true characteristics of a man and a Christian? If, throwing off the reserve and selfishness of poor money-saving man, we have come up here as children of the same common family, to mix—city cousins and country cousins—in this sacred and kindly festival of relationship, will it not be one hour, stolen from mammon and selfishness, and dedicated to the better spirit which dwells and breathes in human nature?

It is not solely that I can point to this blooming beauty and that blushing belle, and say, "Do tell, is that one of my cousins, too?" (and you know the privileges of cousinship, which I may claim a right to exercise before the day is over,) but there are other sights here to make the heart swell and expand. Are there not the aged here among us, to dignify and bless our meeting together? Is there not one here, may I be permitted to ask, who has come from that distant shore from which you can look out upon the broad expanse of the mighty ocean, and scan those very heaving waves that rolled and tossed about that cape two hundred years ago, with the same ceaseless roar with which they now rise and swell and break? Welcome, let me say to all, but thrice welcome to her, the bright relic of a by-gone day. Chatham may claim your home, but let us each offer you a home in our hearts.

In a political point of view, this festival is extremely appropriate at this time. The little handful of early settlers has grown, in two centuries, to be a mighty host and a prosperous nation.—Is it not well to be reminded of what we were? When our progenitor set foot on these shores, there was land enough for all. Honesty, integrity, industry, constituted a sufficient pass-

port to citizenship and distinction. Arts, sciences, modern improvements, what have they made us? — Our ancestor, as he sat upon his little hill-side in Lynn, and thought that with a day's hard toil he might thread his way to Naumkeag, now the beautiful city of Salem, or to Shawmut, now our Capitol, Boston, little dreamed that, in two centuries, an enormous harnessed tea-kettle would boil him along from one of those cities to the other in less than an hour;—and yet it is so. But now, in the midst of our might and power, new and strange notions are creeping in among us;—and the cry of nativism and foreign influence is being raised. While our ancestors were but a handful, they stood side by side, and rendered thanks to God for every fresh shipload of friends that landed on these shores. While resisting the oppression of the mother country, foreign assistance was eagerly sought after; and no one refused the aid of a Steuben, a Kosciusko, or a Lafayette, because they were not American born.

With a back country illimitable in its extent, inexhaustible in its resources, while the rapid march of civilization, improvement, and refinement has appeared almost the work of magic, all that we seemed to want was population. Our very government has now public land to dispose of, which, at the rate of sales of one million acres a year, would take us nearly three hundred years to sell the whole; and yet, under all these circumstances and all these reminiscences, there are those, whose selfish and narrow-minded notions, would close our doors against the oppressed and exiled stranger.

Methinks I see a band of our progenitors, with Sergeant Haven at their head, frowning upon the selfishness which would close the gates of this garden of God's world. I hear them say, What right have you, but five generations ago emigrants yourselves, to prate of nativism? The proud sachems of these shores, whose fathers have fished in these waters, and hunted on these hills, ever since the days when Rome's proud palaces blazed with a Cæsar's glory, ay, even when the lofty temple of Solomon reared its imposing front,—they might have claimed some right to drive us from these shores. But you, the citizens of yesterday,—go, learn of the shades of the departed Narragansett and Pequod some lessons in hospitality.

I have said that a great Christian lesson may be gathered from the reflections suggested on this day. It is one which every New England man must learn, who looks back upon the short annals of our country's history. And this meeting, full of retrospective thoughts, cannot fail of bringing that lesson home to our hearts.

I refer to the evidence, every where spread before us, that, if ever there was a peculiar people, in whose behalf the finger of Providence was daily working out good, even as for the chosen tribes of Israel, it has been for these New England States.

Bear with me while I rehearse some of them, and see if I am not correct. At the very moment when a truer faith had sprung up in Europe—when a class of believers could no longer submit to the ecclesiastical tyranny of British bishops, and were ready to break every tie of kindred and home, if they could find some spot in which God alone should reign, and hold communion with unshackled consciences,—then, as if to give to their longing eyes the land of their hope, the veil that for centuries had hidden this western world from their eyes is raised, and America, newly discovered, offers to the Puritan a place to erect his altars.

Again — be it remembered — they came not like the Spaniard, for conquest and power, but in the simple garb of peace, — the true disciples of the Prince of peace, they came. And, again, a protecting Providence had foreseen their necessity, and by some mysterious pestilence had deprived the war-chief of these lands of his most savage braves, and opened an easy avenue for a first foothold of European civilization.

Still, it was necessary that settlers coming from the more cultivated portions of Europe should be exposed to the toil and labor which our forefathers endured for years, to breed up a race of descendants, having the nerve, energy, and enterprise of the New England emigrant, or the western wild might have been unpeopled to this day, save by the Indian and the outlaw. It was necessary, and it was provided for.

It was necessary that a long conflict with some foreign power should teach us the importance of that blessing to our country — *Union*; — should teach us to realize that community of feeling and interest, which is now binding, with an unseen but not unfelt power, the fisherman of the Banks with the frontiersman of the Arkansas. Sad, sad, indeed, would have been our fate, had we spread our population over this vast Continent, united by no common tie of interest, drawn into communion by no common feeling of patriotism. This need was foreseen and provided for. It was necessary that a long continuance of peace and prosperity should give space to the arts of domestic life to gain some foothold among us, — and that the sciences, which aid man in compelling nature to subserve his purposes, should be cultivated. It was needful to the great purpose of peopling the desert with the thrifty and industrious, — and it was provided for.

And now, when our immense and increasing territory is daily developing new and apparently conflicting interests, arising from varied climate, products, industry, and institutions, — and when it would seem as if the extreme parts of this beautiful republic were destined to be strangers to each other, — now it is, when most needed, most necessary, that new modes of conveyance, rivalling the lightning's track, have been discovered, bringing the distant parts of our vast republic again together, and teaching its citizens, by social intercourse, to appreciate each other's virtues, and thus to strengthen our bonds of union.

Yes, my friends, these are but a few instances. There is a grand lesson of moral sublimity in the annals of our country's progress, which no casuist can scoff at — no atheist deny, no reasonable man can shut out from his contemplation.

He may scoff at special providences, — though I believe every event of life a special providence, — yet I believe, let him look at the events which I have described, and he will see the marks of a grand plan, controlling, governing, and pointing out the future destinies of the nation, as certainly as the handwriting on Belshazzar's wall portended the downfall of his mighty empire. The causes and effects are both before us. The means and the end are both within the circle of our own vision.

Lastly, as individuals. Cousins, have there not been engendered in our bosoms to-day, feelings, which should send us to our homes better men, and better satisfied with life?

The sweetest, dearest tie of life, is that which binds parent and child. "As a father pitieth his children," is the eloquent and pathetic language of Scripture; and how much of this feeling has been poured out among the descendants of Richard Haven, during the two hundred years in which they have been spreading and spreading over this vast land? How many happy firesides have been cheered by the smiles of worthy and dutiful childhood? — how many hearts have been dedicated to God at the grave-side of youthful promise? This feeling is among us this day — the pure spirit of parental affection, of brotherly love. Let us yield ourselves to its soul-inspiring influences. The spirits of the departed are hovering over us, in this sacred temple, and hallowing the hour. While we remember their virtues, let us imitate them; and thus may we realize the full beauty and force of that devout aspiration of a venerable New England clergyman, "May we so live as to make a sudden death the happiest."

ACCOUNT OF PROCEEDINGS, &c.

AT the meeting, at which the foregoing Address was delivered, it was unanimously voted, to present to Mr. Park the thanks of his audience, and to request a copy for the press; and also to publish therewith an account of the proceedings and events of the day, for the use of the descendants. As no committee was chosen for that purpose, the Committee of Arrangements for the occasion have presumed that it was intended to intrust that duty to them.

Mr. Park has been induced to comply with the request, on the condition that it should appear, in the pamphlet, that it was intended as a family memorial, and not as having any interest for the public at large.

In executing their trust, the Committee deem it proper, first, to give some account of the means used to call together so large a concourse of the descendants of one couple — scattered, as they were, through many States; and most of them, till within a few months, wholly ignorant of their relation to each other, and of their lineal descent, beyond a few generations.

At the close of the last year, an octavo pamphlet, of fifty-four pages, was published, entitled “The Genealogy of the descendants of Richard Haven, of Lynn; by Josiah Adams, of Framingham.” The pamphlet gave an account of their descent from Richard Haven, of some thousand or more persons, now living, and their relationship to each other; and many more, perhaps a greater number, whose connection was not sufficiently known to be inserted, were furnished with the means of tracing their descent from the same stock, with equal certainty. At the close of the pamphlet was the following note.

“TO MY READERS.

“FRAMINGHAM, *Dec. 30, 1843.*

DEAR COUSINS : — The labor bestowed on the foregoing pages is more than compensated by the seeming acquaintance which I have with you all. The coming year, as nearly as can be ascertained, will be the second centennial anniversary of the landing of our common ancestor on the shore of religious and civil liberty. Allow me, respectfully, to propose a meeting of his

descendants, at this place, on the 16th of April next, at 2, P. M., to choose a committee of arrangements for a public celebration. J. A."

A few of the descendants met accordingly, and it was voted, "That the present year being the second centennial anniversary of the landing of Richard Haven, his descendants will celebrate that event, on some day during the year; and that a committee of arrangements be chosen to appoint the time and place—procure some one of the race to deliver an address, and to make all the other arrangements proper, in their judgment, to give interest to the occasion." The committee chosen were Josiah Adams, John J. Marshall, Luther Haven, Jotham Haven, Luther Stone, Joseph Haven, William Hemenway, Willard Haven, Benjamin Homer, James W. Brown, and David Fisk.

The Committee having fixed the time and place of the meeting, and having engaged Mr. Park to deliver the address,—in order to insure the attendance of the greatest possible number, procured 400 copies of a circular, giving some account of the pamphlet, and stating, at some length, the nature and character of the proposed meeting. The following are extracts from the circular.

"Richard Haven landed in New England, a young man, and settled at Lynn, in 1644. His descendants in this vicinity, being desirous of seeing their cousins, and giving them an opportunity of seeing each other, have appointed a committee of arrangements for the celebration of the second centennial anniversary of the landing of their common ancestor. The meeting will be at this place on the twenty-ninth day of August next.

"The Committee hope to witness the novel spectacle of a house filled with cousins, most of them enjoying their first, and probably their only meeting on earth.

"There will be the usual religious exercises, and an address by Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, one of the descendants. After the exercises, a dinner will be in readiness, for which tickets will be provided at a reasonable price. A separate table will be set for children under twelve, at a reduced price. The Committee hope to see it well filled.

"The invitation is respectfully and cordially extended to *all* the descendants, and to *all* who either are, have been, or *intend to be* connected with them by marriage. The exercises will commence as soon as practicable after ten o'clock."

The circulars were sent to all the distant descendants, whose names and residences had been ascertained. They were known to be living in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island,

Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Illinois, Louisiana, and Quebec.

Officers of the day were appointed as follows:—

President, Josiah Adams.

Vice-Presidents, John J. Marshall, and William F. Stone.

Marshals, Calvin Shepard, Benjamin Homer, and William Hemenway.

Marshals for the Children, James W. Brown, Henry Louis Stone, and John T. Haven.

Committee of Reception, Henry Parker, Elias Grout, Charles E. Horne, Elbridge M. Jones, and Josiah Hemenway.

Ladies to decorate the Church and Dining Halls, Mrs. Calvin Shepard, Miss Rebecca Marshall, Mrs. Luther Stone, Miss Nancy Stone, Mrs. Isaac Dench, Mrs. Elbridge Hemenway, Mrs. James B. Puffer, Mrs. Abner Wheeler, Miss Chloe Haven, Mrs. Josiah Adams, Mrs. Obed Winter, Mrs. Ruel Richardson, Mrs. Willard Haven, Mrs. William Hemenway, Mrs. John Hemenway, Mrs. John Wenzell, Mrs. Peter Coolidge, Mrs. Henry Parker, Mrs. Joseph Boynton, Mrs. Josiah Hemenway, Mrs. Anson L. Hobart, Mrs. Benjamin Homer, Mrs. Josiah Stone, Miss Sally Homer, Miss Alma F. Hemenway, and Miss Caroline Haven.

The Church of the First Parish, having been built several years since, for the use of the town, and being much the largest in the place, was selected for the meeting.

The ladies promptly proceeded to execute the task assigned them, by decorating the Church and the two dining-halls. On the day preceding the meeting, while engaged in the Church, they were agreeably surprised by receiving from Miss Catharine F. Coolidge, a young cousin of sixteen summers, the letters composing the name of RICHARD HAVEN. She had employed Mr. George Ballard, an artist of the race, to cut them neatly in paste-board, and she had as neatly covered them with evergreen. The name was thus made to appear in an arch over the desk, in large and well proportioned capitals. By the same hands, were prepared the figures, 1644, executed in the same style, which were placed in the centre of the arch. It was a beautiful expression of the character of the occasion, and in fine keeping with the tasteful style, in which, with festoons and wreaths of evergreen, interspersed with natural and artificial flowers of various colors, the ladies had decorated this and the other parts of the building. There was, of course, no lack of gallantry in affording all necessary assistance. They were especially aided by the services of their cousin, Lowell M. Stone, who came from East Cambridge to execute the commands of the party in power.

It may be gratifying to our absent cousins to know something of the village which is near the spot where rest the bones of their ancestors, the three sons and daughters-in-law of Richard Haven; at least such part of it as will enable them to have the more truly in their imaginations the scene of the celebration.

The Common, about which the buildings occupied for the occasion are situated, lies a few rods north of the main road, and is about thirty-three rods long and thirteen wide — enclosed on all sides by a fence, and rows of trees. The Church is at the north end, the Academy on the west side, and the Town Hall at the south end. On each side is a street passing from the Church to the main road, between which is the tavern stand of our host, Joseph Fuller, Esq., on which the buildings are so placed as to hide the Common from the view of the traveller.

The Town Hall and that of the public house being occupied with the tables, the rooms of the Academy, and the two school rooms under the Town Hall were opened for the reception of the descendants, on their arrival in the morning. And several private houses were generously opened for the use of aged and infirm persons, who might seek temporary retirement and repose.

When the day came, the sun rose in smiles, which continued till its setting. The rain of the preceding evening had left the atmosphere pure and dustless, and of a temperature bracing and healthy. All hearts turned to the Author of the day, and one old man, in a tone of reverence and fervor, exclaimed, that God had reserved that day for us.

From half past eight to ten o'clock, the descendants poured into the village, eagerly inquiring for those of their own branch. But this distinction soon ceased, and all seemed equally acquainted. It was a scene of perfect enjoyment. Every face beamed with delight. Each one was evidently satisfied with himself and with every body else. Some faces, it may be, were more beautiful, and some dresses more fashionable, than others. But no one thought of such things.

The usual ceremony of introduction was, without much regard to sex or age, "Give me your name and you shall have mine;" though often with the variation, "My name is so and so, what is yours?" And next, "What was your father's Christian name? Who was your mother before she was married? Didn't your grandmother marry a Haven?" "Yes, and she was a Haven before." "What was her father's name? Where did he live? That's it! Your father and my mother were own cousins. God bless you! Give me your hand — How do you

do? Is aunt Patience here?" "Certainly she is — you could'nt begin to keep her away. She's thought of nothing else this fortnight. We came all the way from beyond Albany. She said the cars moved slower and slower, all the way down." "Where is the good soul?" "O, she's all about here, playing *all seek and no hide*, as she calls it."

Conversations, questions, salutations, and greetings of this and every other variety of character, were continued for more than two hours; and it would require twice that time to read, even if words could describe them, the half of the interesting interviews which transpired. Each brought forth, from the treasures of memory, things new and old. Youthful friendships, torpid for half a century, sprang into full life, — anecdotes of mothers and grandmothers, gone, long time ago, to their rest, — reminiscences of early days, — joys which vanished in sorrow, — disasters which were followed by prosperity, — these, and the thousand other scenes and incidents, which filled up the measure of olden times, rushed on the mind, in the freshness of yesterday, and found utterance through smiles, on hundreds of glowing faces, down which a tear was sometimes seen to pass, and drop its blessing on the scene.

Soon after eleven o'clock, the marshals commenced forming the procession. Notice was given of it by the ringing of the bell. It had the effect which such sounds are said to have on swarming bees. A nucleus was seen in front of the academy, and the whole swarm were soon gathered about it. All felt that they were of one family. An intruder from another hive would have been detected. They knew each other by sight, (as the school-boy did his letters,) though not able to call them by name. The cluster, when completed, was pronounced by impartial persons to be considerably the largest swarm which had ever been seen in those parts. All were now ready to fly, and, in a subdued hum, awaited the signal of their leader to proceed to the hive prepared for their reception. The Committee regret to add, that, although they were evidently pleased with the hive, they all deserted it in the course of the day.

The procession was formed in double file, — the children, as an escort, in front, consisting of all under twelve who could be enticed from their mothers by the winning arts and inducements of their marshals. The orator, the president and vice-presidents of the day, the clergymen of the race, the committee of arrangements, and the choir were called in order; but, beyond this, there was no attempt to classify. All fell in when and where they pleased. Aged persons and ladies had no lack of respectful attention; but there were no restraints except those of good sense

and good feeling. New attachments had just been made, and old ones revived, which it would have been cruel to disturb. Without regard to age, sex, or condition, all enjoyed, through the day, the conversation and chat of their chosen associates.

For the purpose of having room to extend the procession, it moved, to the music of full-blooded volunteers, on the west street, to the main road, and thence turned into the street on the east side of the common. Here and there were seen, trudging with Ascanian steps, little blossoms, reflecting, in miniature, the smiles of their mothers, too timid to be parted from them, exulting in their safety, and charming the beholders with their joyous little faces.

When the procession arrived within a short distance of the church, it halted to receive some aged persons, who had been taking their repose in private houses. Among them was the venerable Mrs. Sears, who, in her eighty-seventh year, had travelled from her home, at Chatham, to live over again the scenes of her youth. The number who joined the procession there, however, was small, as all, who were able to do so, had sallied forth and mingled in the greetings of the morning. Among them were four men whose joint ages amounted to three hundred and three years.

On arriving at the door of the church, the children parted, and stood till the procession had entered. The house was literally "filled with cousins," so that most of the children could only find seats on the platform before the desk, and on the stairs on each side of it. This arrangement was, of course, accidental; but nothing could have been better contrived for beauty and effect. Every body could see them, and they could see every body and hear every thing. There they sat, in still and greedy attention, recording in their young heads all that transpired,—the sure promises of other and similar gatherings.

With the exception of the seats in front of the desk, which were filled with the instrumental musicians and the choir, the galleries were early crowded with spectators from the vicinity. And it was most gratifying to witness the interest, and the signs of approbation, manifest in every countenance. It afforded evidence, not to be mistaken, that the occasion, though the first, was not to be the last of its kind.

It had been arranged that all the exercises in the church, including the original hymns, and the instrumental and vocal music, and also the sentiments and songs, prepared for the table, should be by descendants only.

Printed orders of the exercises were distributed, of which the following is the substance :

- I. VOLUNTARY. BY THE CHOIR. "Land of our Fathers."
— *By Webbe.*
- II. PRAYER. BY REV. BENJAMIN A. EDWARDS.
- III. ORIGINAL HYMN. Tune, "Old Hundred." — *By the Choir and Congregation.*

WORDS BY WILLIAM J. ADAMS, OF BOSTON.

[Read by Rev. Horace Hutchinson, of Burlington, Iowa.]

Around thine altar, Heavenly Sire,
As here thy happy children bend,
O! touch the pile with sacred fire,
And let a hallowed flame ascend.

Beneath the old ancestral tree,
Our highest lineage we trace,
O God! our fathers' God! to Thee,
The first, best Father of our race.

Nor yet unhonored be the name,
Our common *earthly* father bore;
Who, blest of Thee — unknown to fame —
Sought freedom on this western shore.

His offspring we — a favored throng —
Approach thy throne, in filial trust;
Accept, O God! our grateful song,
And bless the memory of the just.

- IV. ADDRESS, BY JOHN C. PARK.

- V. HYMN. Original and paraphrased. Tune, "Benevento."
— *By the Choir.*

WORDS BY JOSIAH ADAMS.

[Read by Rev. Joseph Haven, Jr. of Unionville.]

While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through two hundred years,
Many sires their race have run,
Through this vale of joys and tears.
Gone to their immortal state,
They have done with all below;
We a *little* longer wait,
But *how* little, none can know.

Branches *wide*, of ancient tree,—
 Each to each akin and dear,—
 Holy Father! thanks to Thee!
 Thou has blest, and brought us *near*.
 Guard our homes—supply our need—
 With thy grace our spirits feed;
 Make our hearts to Thee arise;
 Sanctify our kindred ties.

Aged branches! falling fast,—
 Thrifty limbs! which yet may last,—
 Little sprouts! which seem to say,
 “*We* shall grow for many a day,”—
 Know, to your immortal state,
 Ye shall soon and surely go;
 Ye a *little* longer wait,
 But *how* little, none can know.

VI. PRAYER. BY REV. JOSEPH HAVEN, JR., OF UNIONVILLE.

VII. HYMN. *By Watts.* Tune, “St. Martins.”

[Read from the Desk by Rev. Benjamin A. Edwards.]

Sung, a line at a time, as read by Deacon Luther Haven, of Framingham, after the manner of the Puritans,—by the congregation, and without instruments.

Let children hear the mighty deeds,
 Which God performed of old;
 Which, in our younger years, we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace;
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs;
 That generations, yet unborn,
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
 Their hope securely stands;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

VIII. BENEDICTION. BY REV. JOSEPH HAVEN, SEN., OF UNIONVILLE.

The exercises were closed a little after one o'clock, and the procession again formed and proceeded to the tables. Four hundred plates had been set in the Town Hall, and two hundred in the hall of the public house, which were designed for the children — a preparation which was thought to be ample. But many who resided in the neighborhood, or who had acquaintance there, perceiving that all could not gain admittance, took refreshment elsewhere; and upwards of fifty found plates in the halls, after others had retired. The interim was employed in a manner characteristic of the day. All declared, at first, that it was "a downright *cozzening* piece of business." But after divers deliberations about every thing else, it was unanimously agreed that friend Fuller was a shrewd Yankee, and had made a remarkable good guess as to the number of plates; and the wonder was not that so many, but that so few had been treated to such an intellectual luncheon. They had, soon after, very satisfactory evidence that Mr. Fuller had been equally fortunate in guessing as to the extra plates, and provisions, which were in readiness.

All having, at length, dined, and being intent on enjoyments of a higher character, and in which *all* might participate together, it was determined to return to the church. In consequence of the crowd, the usual religious duties of the table were omitted, except that a blessing was invoked, in the Town Hall, by the Rev. Mr. Haven, Jr., of Unionville.

It was intended, and it was so announced in the church, to *take the names* of all at the tables. But the unexpected crowd in the halls, and the want of time to take them seasonably afterwards, prevented. The Committee regret the omission, and will endeavor to obtain the names for preservation, if the descendants, at a distance especially, will afford the necessary aid.

The doings and sayings of the afternoon were of the most pleasant and variegated character. To give even a sketch of the whole is impossible; and it is not easy to make the proper selection. There were no formal or studied speeches. Kind thoughts and warm feelings found expression in corresponding language; and, without any appearance of restraint, every body was in order.

The President, (who takes leave, in passing, to say that he feels more of awkwardness than modesty in being thus left to write about himself,) after attempting briefly, and in vain, to express his deep interest in the occasion — welcoming and thanking his cousins for their generous response to the call of the Committee — and claiming the right to be proud, during life, of having given being to *such* a meeting, announced the following senti

ments as having been prepared by the Committee of Arrangements:—

1. *The year 1644*—which brought our common father, Richard Haven, to New England, and united him to our common mother, Susanna.

2. *The memories of Richard and Susanna Haven*—though long dormant among their descendants, we *feel* that they have revived, and will live forever.

3. *The memories of John, Nathaniel, and Moses, the three sons of Richard Haven; and their wives, Hannah, Elizabeth, and Mary*, from whom we are all descended.—In yonder graveyard, without monuments—their names shall yet live.

4. *The absent descendants of Richard Haven*.—We would they were with us. We wish them all joy and prosperity.

5. *The Walking-staff of John Haven, with his initials thereon*,—exhibited by his great-great-grandson, John Haven Mixer, to whom it has descended, and which our eyes see. May it be the staff of the old age of some favored descendant, till the end of time.

6. *The Salt-cellars on our table, which graced the cupboard of Mehitable, the wife of Joseph Haven, of Framingham*, who were the grandchildren of our common ancestor—produced here to-day by their great-grandchildren, Luther Stone, of Framingham, and Mary, his wife. May they be the bearers of Attic salt to their latest posterity.

7. *The ties of kindred*.—They are among the best feelings of the human heart. May they often find exercise in days like this.

Mrs. Eliza C. Allen, of New York, Editress of the Mothers' Journal, presented a fine specimen of antique needlework. It was a pocket-book, wrought, in 1744, by the young hands of her grandmother, then Mary Haven, of Framingham, afterwards Mrs. Nichols, and finally Mrs. Locke, of Ashby.

Mr. Alexander H. Ladd, of Portsmouth, read a letter from his great-grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Haven, to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Appleton, of Cambridge, whom he afterwards married. It was a fine, though rather quaint sample of epistolary courtship—full of gallantry without flattery, good sense without alloy, and piety without cant. Some one desired information whether a marriage was the result of the courtship; and another replied that it was, and that they had eleven children, one of whom, he was happy to say, was present.

A letter was read, by the chair, from Charles Chauncy Ha-

ven, merchant, New York, the youngest son of Dr. Haven by his second wife, expressing his "cordial good fellowship and affectionate regards." It would well be entitled to an insertion at length, if limits would permit. A part only of its substance can be given. Mr. Haven took a common sense and feeling view of the object and character of the meeting. Claiming nothing for the blood but that respectability which is common to most other families; and, disclaiming all family distinction, he spoke of the humble origin and character of our first ancestor in America, and the modest bearing of his descendants generally, as a shield against any imputation of pride or ostentation, in the motives and feelings which induced the meeting. Of his father he spoke as a son should speak, and concluded by saying, "If drinking of healths were in fashion, I would gladly propose to you his favorite toast, '*My love to you all.*'"

Samuel F. Haven, Esq., the Librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester, said he had some doubts whether Richard Haven came to this country *from England*. That he had examined many lists of names from England, and especially those which bore the names of the early emigrants, who came here in different vessels from time to time, and the name of Haven was not to be found. He was inclined to believe that none of the name are now in England. He believed the name to be derived from the Dutch language, and gave many etymological proofs which made it seem not improbable. Mr. Haven was listened to with much interest. He at least showed that he had well improved the advantages of his situation. It was answered that Richard Haven came here young, and might have left none of the name behind; or none of the male line — that there was no tradition among his descendants, that his sons, who settled in Framingham, had a foreign accent; and that Richard was a name not likely to be given in Holland, but was a favorite name in England.

William Haven, Esq., of Portsmouth, the youngest son of Dr. Haven by his first wife, gave a short narrative of Richard Haven, which he had from his father, who had it from an aged female relative, who was well acquainted with Richard Haven, and spoke of him as a moral and religious man. His statement to her was, that he came from London to Boston and began the business of a house-carpenter there. That he was offered a contract for building a house, but as a part of the pay was to be two acres of land on Cornhill, he declined it, as an unsuitable investment for him, and soon after removed to Lynn.

Dea. William Slocomb, merchant at Marietta, Ohio, expressed his great satisfaction in having travelled so far to attend so

profitable and happy a meeting, and participated most heartily in the emotions and events of the day. He made some very pertinent remarks, which, toward the close, were of a religious but cheerful character—inviting to a preparation for another and still happier meeting, with our deceased ancestors, beyond the grave.

The following was handed to the Chief Marshal, and read by him:—

The Orator of the day.—Like the ever changing Proteus, he has happily personated, as the occasion required, all characters, from the grave and solemn to the facetious and amusing. His cousins will not forget *him*.

Mr. Park's response deserved a reporter. It was one of those rich and delicate birds, that must only be shot on the wing. Those, who have heard and seen him speak elsewhere, need not be told that it was in chaste and expressive language, attended with look and gesture, which indicated, with certainty, the expansive and warm emotions which prompted from within.

By Rev. Jotham Haven, of Saxonville.—*The spirit of Religious Liberty*—which has descended from our ancestors. May it be transmitted, through us, to our latest posterity.*

Sent by a lady from Detroit, and read by the Chief Marshal: *Josiah Adams—Drum Major to this genealogical Regiment.*—He has drummed together a goodly company. Health and long life to *him*.

Mr. Adams replied that, holding his commission from a lady, he felt at liberty to address ladies and all, by the endearing appellation of "*Fellow soldiers.*" It was indeed a "goodly company"—so pleasing to his eyes, that he should rest satisfied in having discharged the duty of drumming them into the village; and they would remain long, if they waited for him to drum them out again.

Sent by the same. *The old genealogical tree, with its many branches.*—Much like the old Jack-knife, which had had six new blades, and five new handles.

* On the day after the meeting, a letter was received from Rev. Erastus O. Haven, a son of Mr. H. of Saxonville, and Teacher of Natural Science and Mathematics in the Amenia Seminary, at Ameniaville, N. Y., containing a hymn which he had written at the request of the Committee, but which, without fault of his, unfortunately came too late. The following sentiment was also enclosed: *The Haven family.*—Boasting a descent, not from crowned heads, but from Pilgrim Fathers, may we be ever true to those holy principles of Freedom and Religion, which have planted a Church in the wilderness, and caused the desert to smile and blossom like the rose.

Mr. Haven graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1842, but was accidentally omitted, by Mr. Adams, in his table of the graduates.

By Mr. John Aldis Haven, of Dedham. *The memories of the Clerical descendants of Richard Haven, who have gone to their long homes.* — May their pious precepts, and virtuous examples, be perpetuated to their latest posterity.

Rensselaer Nicoll Havens, Esq., merchant, New York, was introduced, by Mr. Haven of Worcester, *as a descendant of a brother of Richard Haven.* He said he was grateful to the Committee for having so cordially granted his request to join in a meeting so pleasant and interesting; — that, having seen the notice of it, he could not resist his desire to be present, and that his anticipations had been more than realized. He did not pretend to be quite sure of his origin, nor how he came by the additional letter to his name. It had been said that he descended from one of two brothers of Richard, who separated from him on their arrival, and went to Long Island; and that they added the *s because there were two of them.* That might be so, but he was very desirous of showing a still nearer relation to the meeting, by proving his descent from Richard himself; and, with leave, he would offer some arguments for the purpose. Mr. Havens proceeded, in an inimitable strain of humor, with ingenious mock-arguments, to which it is impossible to do justice on paper; and some ten minutes were spent, to the great amusement of the meeting; whereupon it was unanimously resolved, “that Mr. Havens be admitted an honorary member of the race.”

Mr. Samuel E. Coues, of Portsmouth, said that, although he had no Haven blood in his veins, and only appeared in right of his wife, yet he professed to have much of its spirit, and that he entered fully into the sympathies of the occasion. He spoke briefly, but with great ardor and eloquence, in commendation of the meeting, and concluded with a complimentary and most hearty acknowledgment to the author of the pamphlet, without which it could not have been called.

This acknowledgment was received by the audience in a manner most gratifying to the author. He said so in substance, and added that the mere anticipations of the day had well repaid all his labors — that the realities of the meeting must be passed, as an overpayment, to the credit of his cousins — a debt, which he could hardly hope ever to discharge.

On motion, it was unanimously agreed to meet again at Framingham, on the last Thursday of August, 1849; and that a committee of arrangements, consisting of five, with power to fill vacancies, should be nominated by the President. The result was the choice of William J. Adams and John C. Park of Boston; Samuel Elliott Coues of Portsmouth; Samuel F. Haven of

Worcester, and John J. Marshall, of Framingham. Josiah Adams, of Framingham, was afterwards added.

The hour of separation had now come, and the descendants took leave in singing, to the tune of "Auld lang syne," the following songs, which had been printed for their use :

WORDS BY MISS REBECCA MARSHALL, OF FRAMINGHAM.

Should our great grandsires be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
When toil and peril were their lot,
In days of auld lang syne ?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We 'll take a *look* of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

They made the British lion yield,
And look not half so fine ;
They gathered laurels in the field,
In days of auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And since, dear cousins, we are met,
In smiles and greetings kind,
In after years we 'll ne'er forget
This day of auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

If e'er again we meet, I 'll take
Your hand, and give you mine,
And have a right good hearty shake,
For days of auld lang syne ;
For days of auld lang syne, my dear,
For days of auld lang syne ;
We 'll take a look of kindness yet,
For days of auld lang syne.

WORDS BY REV. BENJAMIN F. HOSFORD.

Ne'er let relations be forgot,
And never brought to mind ;
'Round scions of a common root,
A wreath of love entwine.
Full many a different name we bear,
In many a clime we rove ;
But kindred hearts within us beat,
In unison and love.

The king of day, and queen of night
 Lead, through the azure sky,
 A countless host, that sparkle bright,
 And sing in harmony.
 So we've a king — a Richard, good —
 And queen Susanna, too ;
 These at our head, we follow on,
 All chanting as we go.

Ne'er let those worthies be forgot,
 Nor rarely brought to mind ;
 In living memories give them root,
 With days of auld lang syne.
 And those — who follow us, and throng
 Adown the widening stream —
 For them we leave a benison,
 We breathe a prayer for them.

We ne'er before in life have met ;
 We may not meet again ;
 Then each join hands before we part,
 Give one guid shake, and then —
 Howe'er apart our barks be driven,
 Though far abroad we rove —
 May all, at last, be moored in Heaven,
 The *Haven* of peace and love.

